UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

"Elder father, tho' thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies?

"Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

"Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds."

"God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and Seraphim,
Filling all Eternity—
Adonai Elohim."

The Wild Knight and Other Poems.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

I wonder if the old writer in the Buddhist Suttas had anything in life to contend with like, say, the moving picture theatres, when he wrote: "Be thou a lamp unto thyself; be a refuge to thyself. Betake thyself to no external refuge. Hold fast to the truth as a lamp. Look not for a refuge to anyone beside thyself." What a sorry time these moving picture devotees will have in the day when perforce they may have to seek a refuge within themselves, or look to their own lamp of truth for guidance in a dark place!

M. B. P.

One of the proposals of the Emergency Federation of Peace Forces: "No province shall be transferred from one government to another without the consent by plebiscite of the population of such province," will come with more force from the people of the United States when we have made it a rule of our own action. Have we ever asked the Filipino people if they want to be ruled by us? Germany is nearer in interest and sympathy to Belgium today than we can ever be to the Filipinos, yet the Belgians resent the German rule and we feel sorry for Belgium. Let him who is without sin cast stones.

O. C. S.

Two age-long evils war and prostitution, will continue to claim the sons and daughters of women as their unwilling victims, till the united, intelligent, devoted motherhood of the world ends them. As women are tired bearing sons to be murdered in war, so women are getting tired bearing daughters for a fate a thousand times worse. Happy is the boy who has but to die compared to his sister who is murdered by inches, body, mind and soul, in our dens of iniquity. Why, then, do we not put a stop to both evils? Because women no more than men have begun to comprehend the profound meaning of the little word our, they are not sufficiently tired having other women bear sons and daughters for such horrible fates. Give to the mothers of earth to know all children are theirs even as they are Thine! .. O. C. S.

John Kendrick Bangs—may his days be long in this world he is making so much brighter—recently extolled in his beautiful way the sunny side of the street:

Ice and snow melt quickly there
And a blither stride
Helps us in our race with care
"On the sunny side."

True as this is of the street, or the house with the southern exposure, where instinctively the children congregate for play, how much truer it is when we meet a man or woman with a "southern exposure." And if we are sensitive to this exposure in others (and who is not?) let us carefully study our characters to see whether or not we are helping to melt the snows of life for those we meet.

M. B. P.

The women of Chicago, ever alert to the needs of the children, are demanding that the legitimate amusements of children, commercialized by Greed, be taken over by the city. The city is a forced growth—forced by that industrialism to which we all pay homage. To its supposed needs, much that was best in our home life has been sacrificed, the children especially have suffered and have been forced to give up their inalienable rights to a place and a chance to play. Municipal dance halls and pool rooms will not solve the problem unless the women go farther and demand a reformed police system. *Not* the police*men* so much as the police system is wrong. Why shut our eyes or longer remain silent about what we all know is the chief cause of juvenile crime, the open defiance of law under the very eyes of the police. We all know it "doesn't pay" a policeman to be too conscientious in performing his sworn duty; ordinances are to be enforced—sometimes. Every boy who has the streets for his playground soon learns, to our sorrow, just how much cash it takes to defy the law with impunity. Let the women insist that this reform is fundamental to all other reforms. Let the new mayor, whoever he may

be, make for himself a record by giving us a force of policemen who know they dare not fail to enforce the ordinances we have to protect our children. Then all of the mothers will bless him, and his name shall go down in history as the man who made the clean, the beautiful, the *good* Chicago possible. O. C. S.

Among the bills it is to be much regretted the Sixty-third Congress did not pass, is the Philippine bill. This bill is designed to give greater powers of self-government to the Filipinos; in no place but the preamble is the word independence mentioned. The Senate preamble is, "Whereas it is desirable to place in the hands of the people of the Philippines such an increasing control of their domestic affairs as can be given them without, in the meantime, impairing the sovereignty of the United States, in order that, by use and exercise of popular franchise and governmental powers, they may be better prepared to fully assume the responsibilities and enjoy all the privileges of complete independence, which it is the purpose of the United States to grant, when in the judgment of the United States the people of the Philippine Islands shall have shown themselves fitted therefor." The body of the bill is entirely taken up with the details of who shall vote, the make up of the two houses to be made up of natives, safe-guarding the interests of the United States and granting absolute veto power to the President of the United States. Yet this mild form of justice did not pass. No time to keep our faith with a weaker people and regain our own honor when we must look out for our commercial interests and build battleships. The Democratic party is pledged to keep faith, and we will not forgive or forget if we are made to stand forth before the world with the dishonor of holding an unwilling people in bondage. O. C. S.

"The Deep-Down Things!" How that beautiful poem so recently published in UNITY grips one and sets him to analyzing his life. Truly are "the poets the only prophets left to God." The "deep down things" are not fame, power, popularity, knowledge or wealth,—desirable from many points as these be. No, friendship that knows no turning; love that begets service and seeks naught; and the never ceasing struggle for spiritual growth,—these are the "deep down things" that endure. Mankind is eternally struggling for spirituality, as evidenced by Tennyson, Browning, Emerson and the other prophets of literature. Even the novelists prove that at heart we are aspiring, as many a "marked" passage from George Eliot and others might attest. Two books of comparative newness would well repay our close acquaintance and help us incalculably on our way. One a novel, the other a compilation of the aspirational paragraphs of the ages, entitled "The Message of Man," by Stanton Coit, the great ethical teacher from London so recently with us. To the writer it is a more wonderful book than "The Imitation of Christ" and a book that one wants constantly at hand for just a glimpse—mayhap each morning and night. From the novel, Hermann Hagedorn's "Faces in the Dawn" this speech of one of the characters is one that we may well ponder: "There are not two worlds (she cried), one outside the house and one inside; there are not two struggles. There is only one struggle, the struggle for spiritual growth, and none of us can fight it for others, and none of us can fight it alone." M. B. P.

Renewals

"January, the Month of Renewals," was a caption which caught the eye in a prominent place in a magazine published that month—a hint to their subscribers. "The month of renewals" sang itself over and over in memory and suggested so many "renewals" that the thought came, why not remake the year's calendar something like this:

January, the month for the renewals of our favorite periodicals; also the renewal of the spirit through our regular attendance upon church service. At the same time help in the renewal of our pastor's enthusiasm by our attentive waiting upon his message.

February, the renewal of our spirits through systematic reading of the lives of our poets and patriots whose birthdays fall in that month.

March, renew our old-time friendships through writing long delayed letters while the March weather mayhap hinders our enjoyment of the out-of-doors which begins to lure us.

April, May and June, renew our acquaintance with the beautiful world of green, and "breathe gradual gospels in" as we trudge and dig, with a congenial friend or two to gladden us on the way.

July and August, renew our spiritual life through quiet resting and reading some of the great books that will not yield themselves to haste.

September, renewal of spirit through the resumption of regular duties and service and the assembling again with friends whom absence has taught us to prize.

October, renew our lives through the study of the great lives of literature, and November and December, through study, work and service to suffering humanity, not forgetting that each month has at least four Sundays for *special* renewal by quiet meditation on the higher duties awaiting us and the enlargement of our enthusiasm through listening to the word of truth as it falls from the mouth of an earnest searcher after the deep things of God. M. B. P.

Editorial Wanderings
II.

Prompt to the custom of many years, I began my annual "March Escape" from Chicago on Monday, the first day of March. The Santa Fe route brought me to Emporia, Kansas, for my first lecture engagement. The Kansas Normal School, of merited fame, at 10 o'clock in the morning, offered an audience of between 1,800 and 2,000. Emporia is the seat of one of the best established, if not the oldest, Welsh communities in the West. Here they have, I understand, two Welsh churches, well sustained. My name, three times Welsh, is a name to conjure by where Welshmen abound, and my Welsh friends filled up the vacant spaces. This was the first of a series of peace addresses which I am giving on the Pacific Coast, under the auspices of the Carnegie foundation. It was an inspiring, as well as a profitable audience, largely made up of prospective teachers. The boys and girls that crowded the auditorium have the "Little Red School House" of Kansas and its sequel in high school, normal school and college in mind. Said the college graduate who chaperoned me: "This is a very different atmosphere from the college atmosphere from which I graduated. These young men and women mean business from the start. They work hard and long; they are at it early and late. An astonishingly large number of them manage to pay their way through by work, during and outside the school year, and many more of them succeed in winning their way through at so small an expense that it is almost tragic. Most of them are the sons and daughters of hard working farming men and women. Life to these young people is already serious business, but it is splendid!"

At 2 o'clock I was again westward bound, and sitting luxuriously in the transcontinental train of the Santa Fe, I watched the slowly vanishing agricultural prosperity and evidence of civilization fade into arid spaces. Farms gave way to ranches, and ranches at last gave way to foothills, mountain passes and desert.

The romance of this route is always impressive. Where we rode in comfort, sipping ice water and stopping to dine on the "delicacies of the season" at the wonderful eating houses of Fred Harvey, which are as pleasing to the eye as they are to the palate—notable architectural achievements as well as striking triumphs of the caterer's art—Kit Carson and his colleagues once hungered and thirsted and starved.

I must needs leave this luxurious train at Deming and take the Southern Pacific, so that I might stop over at Tucson, the seat of the State University of Arizona, on Thursday night to deliver my peace message the second time, but alas the train was two hours and a half late, and with the perversity of trains, lengthened its delinquency as it went, and although I had three hours margin, we pulled into Tucson at half past eight in the evening. The discipline of the college had been maintained, the audience that expected the man from Chicago at 8 o'clock had been dismissed and there was no one to welcome the lecturer, who was loaded for the fray and would have been glad to have entered the struggle at any hour in the night. And then he would have had two and a half hours' time for the lecture before the next train would pick him up, but in the absence of a better audience, these hours waiting for a midnight train were shortened by the hospitality of the ticket agent, who invited me into the inner sanctuary, and we talked of peace, temperance and the kingdom that is coming in Arizona and elsewhere.

In due time the Southern Pacific train won Los Angeles in time for a delightful afternoon ride down through the bewitching country into San Diego, where I arrived Friday evening, the fifth. I found comfortable quarters in the comparatively new and attractive hostelry, "Hotel U. S. Grant," a name to which it is entitled by virtue of the fact that the first builder and part owner was the son of the silent hero of Appomattox and Mt. McGregor. Saturday noon I was the honored guest at a luncheon party at Point Loma, to which I was welcomed by a pretty little maiden who pinned upon my coat a delicate boutonniére, and then an illuminated address written in Welsh by the Celtic bard of the community, Kenneth Morris. The ruling genius of the place, which testifies in many ways alike to her marvelous executive ability and her keen appreciation of the beautiful, showed me the first Greek theater that was ever built in America; beautiful in location and beautiful in execution. While three or four of us were silently admiring the marvelous scene that showed canyon and ocean beyond the Greek columns, a fairy troop of a score of little girls in white tripped up out of the beauty, and sang with the clearness of birds, prolonged and sustained by the skill of man, after which they gave a little symposium entitled "Little Philosophers," in which they discussed the deep problems of peace, simplicity and brotherhood as interpreted by theosophy, and as developed, felt and beloved by the multitude of right thinking and right living people who are unacquainted with the technicalities of philosophy and ignorant of the special vocabulary of the theosophist.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon I met a goodly company in the church parlors of the First Congregational Church, of which my old Chicago friend and neighbor, W. B. Thorp, is pastor, and my lecture on Browning was given, which always brings a joy to the speaker, however it may be with the audience, because that lecture has more of Browning than Jones in it.

Sunday morning it was a privilege to speak in the new home of the Unitarian Church, and to be greeted by a goodly number of those who had not forgotten my visit of seven years ago. In the evening the central event took place. My lecture on Peace, or "Cease Firing!" at the Isis Theater, a beautiful auditorium owned by Madame Katherine Tingley, in the center of the city, from the platform of which she speaks every Sunday evening. The meeting was held under her direction and every detail was planned with the greatest care. Admission was by ticket and many were turned away. The beautiful auditorium was filled to the topmost round. The choir from Point Loma discoursed beautiful music, rendering as an introduction the Ode of Peace, words by Kenneth Morris, music by Rex Dunn, as it was rendered on the 20th of August, 1913, at the Twentieth Universal Peace Congress held at The Hague. After the lecture the same choir rendered the "Pipe of Peace" from Longfellow's Hiawatha. Rex Dunn, the author of the music, directed the choir and it was sung with great spirit. The meeting was closed with a stirring appeal by Madame Tingley. Whatever else may seem uncertain or ambiguous in her philosophy or teaching, her insistence on universal brotherhood and the attendant collateral of universal peace is sun-clear. Her position as a general leader of the theosophic movement of the world enables her to extend her message into all parts of the world. Representatives of this faith and organization are found deep at the center of the belligerent forces of Europe today, and probably her dream of a great Peace Congress to be held in the Greek Theater at Point Loma next fall, when realized, will have far-reaching potency.

The reception given to the editor of UNITY, and the cause which UNITY represents, constitute a memorable event in the life of this wandering editor.

Monday was set apart for the Fair, which was enjoyed in solitude unbroken. Quaint, restful, satisfying, is this Fair in its semi-tropical setting. One does not miss the exhibits on the inside, that are as yet largely left out. One is glad even that the crowd is not there, for surely if any place in America is a congenial home for the "lotus eaters" it is this land where it is "always afternoon." One exhibit alone commands the attention and challenges the admiration, and that is the one arranged by Professor Hewitt of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, in the "Hall of Science of Man." Note the significant title. Here are arranged models of the various races of men and other visible exhibits of man's place in nature and his relation to his humbler kindred, in a way that is both beautiful and scientific.

Inspiring surroundings and a sympathetic audience were given the speaker for his evening lecture here on "Who Are the Cultured?"

Tuesday morning demanded an early start so as to be present at the flag raising exercises of the Francis Parker open air school, modeled after the Chicago original, but carrying the dream of the great Prophet of Pedagogy further than it is possible in the crowded city of Chicago and the more severe climate. Here it was a pleasure to tell these bright-eyed children of my love for Colonel Parker and acquaintance with him, and of the "white-bordered banner" that flies from Lincoln Centre, and of the increasing number of school children in Chicago learning to love the same. Perhaps at no distant day the Francis Parker School at San Diego, California, will give to the breeze the first white-bordered banner to be sun-kissed in California.

At 11 o'clock another audience was given me of prospective school teachers at the San Diego Normal School, one of the state institutions of which California is justly proud, and it was a joy and a pride to the speaker to be presented to that live audience of young men and women by one of his own girls who had grown from the infant class of All Souls Church, Chicago, to be the Dean of Pedagogy in this institution, and pronounced by experts to be one of the most competent teachers in her department on the coast, Miss Gertrude Longenecker.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the editor was again aboard the train off for Los Angeles, and the 6:30 train was met by his loved parishioners who have but recently escaped from Chicago and found the "bungalow home" that is the fair reward for business diligence. They had recently set up a new auto which carried me to their lovely home, simple and restful as becomes the California climate. The evening was spent with our friend Hodgin, pastor of the Unitarian Church, who is drawing near the close of his three years' course of sermons on the history and development of religion, a splendid undertaking, as heroic as it is unusual, but his venture is justified by the unanimous testimony of appreciative listeners and constantly increasing audiences.

Wednesday was a day of parish calls with the new auto, ranging from the heights of Los Angeles to Pasadena and back, catching a four o'clock train for Claremont, where there was another peace meeting in the one church of this college community, blessed conditions. The subject was "Peace." The next day was an address to the grammar school children before dinner, and after dinner to the college community of Pomona College, over which presides our old friend, Professor Blaisdell, who, during his Beloit (Wis.) days was a familiar contributor to UNITY. Then a great ride from Claremont to Pasadena with an old farmer neighbor of Wisconsin, who out of twenty-five years' experience in Southern California justified his enthusiasm for this great citrus country. It

was oranges, oranges, all the way. The garden of the garden country.

And then the editor quietly slipped into Hotel Clark, where he is obscured from his friends long enough to catch the willing hand of the stenographer who helps him out in this wanderer's tale. Tonight I take train for Berkeley, and thereon hangs another tale.

All along the route it has been a reception of old friends. It seems as though All Souls Parish had moved west, and I have done more pastoral work in these few California days than could have been done in as many months in Chicago. Professors, preachers, teachers and humble men and women in private life have cheered the writer with the memories that reach back behind the gray hairs. Those that have been christened and married, whose elders I buried, come proudly with children in their arms or by their sides to remind me and themselves of the good old times.

But these are experiences too sacred, memories too tender even for the confidential columns of UNITY. More anon.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Hotel Clark, Los Angeles, March 12, 1915.

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND.

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well;
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The Spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's,—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free;
She shall arise in sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
England!

Atlantic Monthly. —*Helen Gray Cone.*

Liberia, and the United States

An Address by
FREDERICK STARR

Delivered Upon the Occasion of Lincoln's Birthday at McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, February 12, 1915

If there is one thing I dislike it is to seem to sail under false colors. I am not tonight going to talk about the negro in America; I am not going to discuss the progress that has been made in fifty years of freedom in the United States; I *am* to talk upon a negro theme with but remote reference to Lincoln's birthday.

My subject is Liberia and the United States—the relations between the two countries—the opportunities which we have had here of doing something for Liberia and the question whether we have met to the full those opportunities. Let me in a few words say something of the course of events in Liberia. The American Colonization Society was organized in the month of December, 1816; it began active work in 1817; in 1819 the United States government united with the American Colonization Society in its plans regarding Africa. In 1820 a first shipload of negroes was sent from the United States to the west shores of Arica, by the combined efforts of the Society and the government. It was in 1824 that the names Liberia and Monrovia were adopted; the main settlement of the land of liberty was named after the President of the United States at that time, whose name we best know in connection with the Monroe Doctrine.

What was the object of the Society? What was the idea of Liberia? The object was to take free negroes from the United States and send them to Africa. Liberia was to be a colony of independent blacks. In course of time, between the efforts of the society and the co-operation of the government, several thousand black men, women and children had been transferred from the United States to Africa. About six hundred miles of coast had been occupied by these settlers. Various little communities had been established here and there along this stretch of six hundred miles and a government had been developed—a government patterned after our own. A sort of constitution, drawn up by a professor of Harvard, had been adopted and was in operation. That was the situation in the year 1846. Up to that time there had been put into the enterprise American thought, American money, American influence, American force and American lives. Scores of white men had died for the Liberian experiment, and hundreds of black men, women and children had died in the effort to establish a colony in that country. In 1846 matters came to such a pass that it was thought best for the colony to separate from its original connections and to become an independent nation; in 1847 the Republic of Liberia was born. I have said just these few words in order to get the situation clearly before your minds. From 1816 until 1847 a colonization experiment was being conducted yonder by Americans and in 1847 that experiment came to an end with the birth of a new republic,—a republic of people largely Americans by birth, of people who spoke English, of people who knew our methods, of people whose constitution was patterned after our own.

One would naturally expect under these circumstances that there would be complete and detailed information regarding Liberia among Americans. One

would suppose that men, women and children here in the United States would have an intense interest in that little, struggling republic on the west coast of Africa. It would be assumed that all intelligent persons knew of its problems and struggles, and of the events which have taken place during the sixty-seven years of its independent existence. This would be natural, considering the vigor, the money, and the lives that we have spent in the experiment; and yet, as a matter of fact, I do not find it to be true that Americans generally know anything about Liberia or that they are aware that there is such a nation or that they are interested in its problems, in its development and movement. We might suppose, naturally enough, that the United States government, having been responsible for the original movement, having transported black men in government vessels, having appointed year after year government agents to those districts, having through our naval officers time after time aided in the early history of the Liberian colony, would have a distinct, clear and definite policy regarding Liberia, and that it would have been the object of constant thought throughout these sixty-seven years.

My address this evening is simply to ask the question whether that is true; whether the United States government has had a definite policy; whether it has stood behind its work; whether it has done for Liberia what might be expected; and whether, today, we are doing for Liberia the things which we ought to do?

What was the first chance of the United States government to show itself the active friend and the vigorous helper of the enterprise which it had launched? It was in the year 1846, and the time before and the time immediately after. What was the situation at that time? There were settlements scattered along a stretch of six hundred miles of coast line; there were settlers at Cape Mount, at Monrovia, at Bassa Cove. at the mouth of the Sino River, and still further to the east at Cape Palmas. They had brought about a certain condition of order along that whole coast. They had aided in putting down the slave traffic; they had developed a fairly respectable government; they were making progress. And then, what happened? They had troubles with English traders and English shipmasters. It was difficult for them to collect customs dues and harbor fees that they should receive from British vessels landing at their ports. The thing became serious. A vessel called the *Little Ben* put in at Bassa Cove and refused to pay the harbor fees or to recognize the authority of the Liberian officials. They said, "We do not propose to pay customs dues nor harbor fees to niggers on the coast of Africa who represent simply a philanthropic Socitey over in America. So the *Little Ben* was seized, justly seized for refusing to pay harbor dues and customs. This was the beginning of trouble; the next step was that in revenge, the British from Sierra Leone seized a Liberian boat to offset the value of the *Little Ben*. The situation was serious, and the United States approached the British government and told them that we had special interests in Liberia and that we trusted those interests would be recognized. Great Britain thereupon quite frankly told the United States its position. "Great Britain could not recognize the sovereign powers of Liberia, which it regarded as the commercial experiment of a philanthropic Society." Lord Aberdeen, then minister of foreign affairs, wrote to Mr. Everett, the American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, stating that her majesty's naval commanders would afford efficient protection to British trade against improper assumption of power on the part of the Liberian authorities. The United States did not follow up their intervention very energetically. Their Minister in Great Britain replied that his country had no intention of presuming to settle differences arising between Liberian and British subjects, the Liberians being responsible for their own acts. Throughout this correspondence it was plain that the United States had no intention of claiming for Liberia the status of an American colony. As usual, when British trade is involved, we submitted. We advised the colonies and the colonization Society that it would be well for them to sever relations and for the Liberian people to set up an independent government. And so an independent government was established in 1847. The Liberians made a Declaration of Independence in which they told why they were over yonder; they adopted a constitution patterned far too closely after our own; they elected a president and two houses of congress; they appointed judges of a supreme court; they launched a Republic on the west coast of Africa, patterned after our Republic, conducted by Christian English-speaking, black Americans. We lost the chance in 1847 to take a definite firm stand in favor of human rights as against British trade.

One might have thought that *we* would be the first nation on the globe to recognize that struggling Republic, patterned after our ideal, trained by us, instructed in all details by us and begun by us. Nothing of the kind. The first nation to recognize the Liberian Republic was her old enemy, Great Britain, who in 1848 acknowledged her government and began to pay harbor dues and customs duties; 1849 came and 1850, and 1851, and 1852, and 1853, and 1854, 1855 and other and more years and still the United States failed to give recognition. France recognized Liberia and the German cities and Belgium and Denmark recognized it, but the United States forgot the republic which it started on the west coast of Africa. Why? Because they hated to think, in those days, of 1847 and 1850, of a black representative in Washington to represent a negro republic. For fifteen years the Liberian Republic, recognized by the leading countries of Europe, went on its way toward progress unrecognized by us, and only in 1862, when we had a man in the chair at Washington who cared little for public opinion based upon race prejudice, the United States government tardily recognized the Liberian Republic. What a splendid chance was lost. What an opportunity it was to aid that young country in its first step, along the difficult path of international affairs.

You remember that the Liberian coast extended six hundred miles from the Sierra Leone line on the west to the French territory on the east. At the western end of the line there were settled some British traders. One man, named Harris, had the same feeling toward the negro government that some of his predecessors had, and when he found that he was to be controlled, as a trader should be, by the government in whose territory he operated, his rage knew no

bounds and he picked a quarrel with Liberia. He refused to do this and he refused to do that; he fomented disturbance among the natives of the district in which he was operating; things went from bad to worse. He had the Sierra Leone government in his favor and behind it loomed large the power of the great empire that rules the seas. It was an uneven battle. What a splendid opportunity it was for our mighty nation to aid the weak brother! Finally Harris roused his natives to attack the natives who were loyal to the government; they were badly beaten by the Liberian forces and the neighbors whom they had attempted to destroy, and in rage at their defeat they turned against the white man, who had started them upon their disloyal path and destroyed his trading-house. That was a nice condition of things. Harris put in a claim of damages against the Liberian government when it was his own allies who, in their disappointed rage, had done the damage; there was a show of force; it looked like war between the great empire and the republic of a few black men. The Liberians made an appeal to the United States. It happened that we had a commodore along that western coast at the moment named Shufeldt. Commodore Shufeldt was asked to intervene in their behalf and aid them in this struggle with selfish British interests. Finally it was agreed that Shufeldt should hear the case and decide it. He was asked by the two parties to be an arbitrator. The case was presented and the damages which Harris claimed, six thousand pounds, were cut down to three hundred pounds. That is about the usual way in which demands are scaled when the difficulty of a powerful nation and a weak one come to be submitted to jurisdiction by thoughtful men. Then the British, with that love of fair play which is so characteristic of them in all sports, refused to pay attention to the decision of the umpire upon whom they had agreed and whose verdict they were bound to recognize. They had behind them the power of the Sierra Leone government and the umpire's decision was thrown over and the opinion of the American was flouted by the trader and his friends. About this time the situation became so bad that it was thought best that something should be said officially to Great Britain. So in 1880, Mr. Everett, the Secretary of State at that time, informed Mr. Hopkins, our minister, that the United States was not averse to having the great powers know that they publicly recognized the special relation which existed between them and Liberia, and that they were prepared to take every proper step to maintain this. But such proclamations on the part of the United States government have rarely carried the value of the paper on which they were written, and it was so in this case of 1880. After the quarrel with Harris had been going on twenty years, after Commodore Shufeldt was invited to make a decision and his decision had been thrown overboard, after this statement made in 1880, the British government in 1883, by force of arms seized all the territory along that coast down to the mouth of the Mano River, and it has been British territory ever since. The story that I have given you of all this trouble is almost in the precise words of an exceedingly prejudiced British authority, Sir Harry Johnston. It is the way that it struck him, a Britisher with no personal sentiment. Another chance had been lost for the United States to take a definite position before the world and to aid the Liberian Republic.

Of course you understand that failure to assert our rights and do our duty had its effect upon all waiting, listening, watching nations. If such a thing could occur between Liberia and Great Britain without action by the United States, it could also occur between other nations and Liberia. Liberia has other besides British neighbors. On her east lie interests of France. When France saw how little our special interest in Liberia amounted to; when she saw that it took many years for us to recognize the Black Republic; when she saw that at the establishment of the Republic we cut quite loose; when she saw that our statement made to Britain had no force; she naturally queried why should she not join the game? She joined the game and began to press on the east, just as Great Britain had been pressing on the west. Her pressure became threatening. In 1879 she approached the Liberian Republic and suggested that it would be much better for it to come under French protection. *Then* we made a fuss. "On the reported offer of French protection to Liberia the American Minister at Paris was instructed to make inquiries on the subject and he was reminded in his instructions that when it was considered that the United States had founded and fostered the nucleus of native representative government on the African shores, and that Liberia, so created, had afforded a field of emigration and enterprise for the emancipated Africans of America who had not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, it was evident that the United States government must feel a peculiar interest in any apparent movement to divert the independent political life of Liberia for the aggrandizement of a great Continental Power, which already had a foothold of actual trading possession on the neighboring coast." That seems definite but there is no great force in it. France decided that there were other ways besides accepting Liberia under protection for securing her territory and, seeing that the United States had stated that she could not with pleasure see a change in the political status of Liberia, tried another method and began crowding and crowding. By 1883 the French claimed a stretch of something like one hundred and fifty miles of coast which for years had been on every map of Liberia. One hundred and fifty miles of coast stretched back into the country robbed Liberia of thousands of square miles of her choicest land. And our statement was before the French; they had had time to think it over. They did not take over a protectorate, no; but they announced that they should seize land. We told the French ministry—Mr. Frelinghuysen was our representative at that time—we told the French ministry that "while Liberia was not a colony of the United States, it began its independent career as an offshoot of this country, which bore to it a quasi-parental relationship. This authorized the United States to offer its good offices in any contest between Liberia and a foreign state. A refusal to give the United States an opportunity to be heard for this purpose would make an unfavorable impression on the minds of the Government and the people of the United States." No such opportunity was given just the same. No; these little pronouncements, which we send out, are so polite, so diplomatic, so wishy-washy if you please, that nobody pays any

attention to them. No nation is so weak that it pays attention to our utterances. France was not a weak power; she was one of the great nations of the world; she paid no attention to our statement. Great Britain did not altogether approve of so much land being taken from Liberia upon the east; she spoke against it and this made more impression than our utterance and the French moderated their claims, but became more forcible in their demands regarding what they still claimed. In 1887 we saw fit to speak again and said that our relations with the Republic had not changed and that we still felt justified in employing our good offices on her behalf. At this time the little black republic made the following appeal: "We appeal to all the civilized nations of the world. Consider, we pray you, the situation. Having been carried away into slavery, and, by the blessing of God, returned from exile to our fatherland, are we now to be robbed of our rightful inheritance? Is there not to be a foot of land in Africa, that the African, whether civilized or savage, can call his own? It has been asserted that the race is not capable of self-government and the eyes of many are watching the progress of Liberia with a view to determining that question. We only ask, in all fairness, to be allowed just what any other people would require—free scope for operation. Do not wrest our territory from us and hamper us in our operations, and then stigmatize the race with incapacity, because we do not work miracles. Give us a fair chance, and then if we utterly fail, we shall yield the point. We pray you, the civilized and Christian nations of the world, to use your influence in our behalf. We have no power to prevent this aggression on the part of the French government; but we know that we have right on our side, and are willing to have our claims to the territory in question examined. We do not consent to France's taking that portion of our territory lying between the Cavalla and San Pedro rivers; nor do we recognize its claim to points on our Grain Coast which, as shown above, our government has been in possession of so long. We protest, too, against that government's marking off narrow limits of interior land for us. We claim the right to extend as far interiorward as our necessities require. We are not foreigners; we are Africans and this is Africa. Such being the case, we have certain natural rights—God given rights—to this territory which no foreigners can have. We should have room enough, not only for our present population, but also to afford a home for our brethren in exile who may wish to return to their fatherland and help us to build up a negro nationality. We implore you, the civilized and Christian nations of the world, to use your influence to have these, our reasonable requirements secured to us." It was published broadcast over the world. It was an appeal to all the civilized nations of the world. But to what use? In 1892 thousands of square miles were seized by actual force and the United States had not been asked to exercise its good offices in behalf of its old colonial possession related to us by so many ties.

I could go on through the years. There is no end to the story. Since 1892 the series of injustices have continued right along. Today it seems to be a settled policy between France and Great Britain, "first I, then you; then I, then you." Today Great Britain takes a slice; tomorrow, France; the next day, Great Britain, and the next day, France; there is usually no shadow of justice in the claim; nothing but force and the demands of trade. In 1907 there was trouble with both the neighbors, on the west and on the east. Great Britain and France were demanding territory. The President of the Republic went to Europe in order to try to adjust the matter; things were discussed in London and in Paris and finally, in London, they said we will agree to nothing in the way of settlement of our question with you until you have settled with France. They wanted to see just what sized slice they must demand in order to maintain the balance; that was the point. And so the Liberian commission went to France to settle their quarrel with the French; when they reached there, the demand made was so humiliating that they could not stand it and as a last hope turned to the United States again. The commissioners consulted the American ambassador at Paris. They asked that the United States should assist Liberia and prevent her being robbed of so large a portion of her territory and should influence in bringing the French government to submit the whole matter in dispute to arbitration. Reasonable request; that they should submit the matter to arbitration! Ambassador White replied that he doubted whether the United States would aid Liberia in her crisis. He advised President Barclay to accept the treaty as offered, urging that if he failed to do so the French would make further encroachment and the Republic would meet with great loss. Isn't that a good excuse? Let them have it because if you don't, why, they will take more. And another chance lost to stand for principle.

A few years passed and again the crowding. In 1907, fearing that the two neighbors had decided to actually divide the Republic between them, Liberia again made an appeal to Washington. A commission of three from Liberia was sent to our capital city. They arrived during the last days of President Roosevelt's administration. They were well received. They were competent men. All who came into contact with them were impressed by their intelligence, their honesty, and the justness of their demands. Mr. Roosevelt himself was interested and insisted upon a return commission being appointed to go to Liberia and see what really was there and what might be done. In 1909 our commission went across the sea. They examined the whole Liberian situation. They presented, on their return in 1910, an official statement under the title of "Affairs in Liberia"; it was a really complete report, carefully made, well considered, full of interesting facts, presenting a story that should have caused the American nation to rise in outraged anger, demanding right and justice for those people. The commission in its report made six recommendations. The first one was that the United States government ought to take up the matter of boundary quarrels and aid Liberia in settling them; the second one was that we should assist Liberia in getting out of the rather serious financial situation in which it was at the moment. The other recommendations are not for the moment important to us. Liberia has had two loans from Great Britain and both of them have been outrageous. She was, in 1909, almost a bankrupt nation. She could hardly keep up the interest of her loans. It was suggested that we should aid her in getting out of her financial difficulties.

The report really did do some good to Liberia. Our government, since 1910, has really done something for the Republic. What did we do about the matter of boundaries? Absolutely nothing. We stated that we were sorry these injustices had been done; but we advised that they be let go. On that occasion I illustrated our position by a figure. In answer to Liberia's appeal for justice, we said: "Little brother, they have taken your shoes and your hat; we are sorry for you; but be thankful that they have left your jacket and your trousers. Don't try to get back your shoes and hat because if you do, they might get torn in the struggle." Do you see? That was our answer. That was how we helped Liberia settle her disputes. It is past; it is too bad; it is unjust, but don't say anything; put up with it. What vigorous help we gave our offspring. And what more will we do, when the big neighbors lay their hands upon the trousers and jacket?

As regards the second recommendation we did something. The debts of Liberia amounted to something near one million and a half of dollars; the urgent creditor was England. What was wanted was that these old obligations should be met and new arrangements made for handling Liberia's finances. The United States raised a million and a half of dollars for Liberia at New York banks; bonds were issued and we made an arrangement for securing the loan. It was a rather weak arrangement. Remember the amount. It was not large. The affair was really a little family matter. There were Liberia and our government, and the New York bankers; it was easy to secure the loan because there was plenty of money going through the Liberian customs houses at that moment; the banks of New York could have taken over the matter without any trouble at all. There was no reason for consulting other nations. It was in no sense an international affair. But we arranged for an international commission. Four receivers were appointed. The chief receiver was American, but a French, German and an English receiver was also appointed, and the customs business of Liberia has to be done by four men instead of one and the Liberian government is paying four receivers handsome salaries; she is now running the chance of getting into difficulty at any time with four different nations instead of dealing with one over a paltry million and a half of dollars; yet the million and a half of dollars was actually supplied by New York banks.

Why give Germans and French and English a chance to meddle in Liberian affairs? The matter only concerned the United States and Liberia. The true reason for the arrangement was that in those days we loved to figure in international politics as a world power. Meantime receivers from three foreign nations sit in Liberian customs houses and draw salaries three times as large as they could have drawn if they remained at home. Liberia was paying the bills and she is paying them yet.

Now we come down to the present hour. At this moment is there anything we should be doing? Are there problems and questions in Liberia today? Are there such things now in that Republic, as Liberia has faced before? Yes, there are three dreadful daners facing the black republic. There is first the old, old, old question of difficulty with its neighbors and they have struck upon a brand new idea, which will, if carried through, enable them to divide what is left of the black republic. It is connected with the war now raging. Notice that the principal reason of the present great world war is simply the sacredness of British trade. Sacredness of British trade is the one thing that has thrown millions into arms today. All has to yield to it. When Liberia gets in its way, Liberia has to go; when China threatens British trade in opium, China has to go; when it is a Burmese king who wants to hold the powers of the nation handed down to him by ancestors, he has to go, if he stands in the way of British trade; sacredness of British trade cost Spain her greatness; it cost Holland her greatness; and France, and the United States. Well the great war now threatens the Liberian republic. In the paper the other morning, we read that the allies claim that Liberia has infringed neutrality. Think of that. Liberia has infringed neutrality! How? Why, there is a German cable, that runs from Monrovia across to South America, and the allies say that that cable has been used to the advantage of Germany in the present war, and Liberia must be dealt with, and seriously. Do you know that there is also a wireless station at Monrovia? It belongs to France. The German cable connects with South America and how it is going to connect with anything else under the present conditions is inconceivable; but the wireless station, up there on the hill at Monrovia, is in direct connection with a chain of wireless stations that covers the whole of the vast French Empire in Africa. Whether messages sent by German cable can be used is doubtful, but it is absolutely certain that messages can be sent today anywhere by that French wireless. It may be true that Liberia is unable to prevent misuse of the cable or the wireless; but the outcry by the allies is a mere excuse for putting through the final division of the country. The great chance for the allies to deal harshly with the black republic and to rend jacket and trousers, leaving half of each in the hands of France and England, has come.

In the next place, they are starving today in Liberia, starving. When I say starving I mean that they lack food to eat. Doesn't that seem an impossible situation? How is it conceivable that Liberia in Africa, in the tropics, should be starving for food? In Liberia they never have done as their friends would like, in reference to agriculture. They do not work the soil. From the first settlement down to the present time, every friend that they have ever had has said: "Why don't you work your fields? Why don't you develop agriculture?" Well, they have not done it. They do not raise rice, yet their country is well adapted to rice. They import fish from Norway and Sweden, yet there are fish in Liberian waters. They have not made their own sugar and yet the climate is suited to the cane. Everything comes from the outside world, because they have always lived on and by trade. I have found fault with them for not developing their agriculture, but who can blame them? If they do not care to work the fields, labor which, in their minds, has been the mark of slavery and bondage, they will not do it; that is all. It has been easy to gain wealth by trade; why labor then? So today they are starving because they have not worked their fields. Within the last day or so, there was an appeal in the newspapers direct from Liberia, saying: Send us ships of food for we are

starving, and we will send you in return the trade stuffs that have made so many fortunes.

Lastly, Liberia today is facing serious financial difficulties. Everything was going splendidly until the war. Obligations of the government were met and there was surplus. Then came the war, and ships stopped and the customs houses might as well be closed. The government has now no income. Since early in the Fall officials have been on half pay and during these last few months on *no* pay, and the bankers in New York receive no interest. If ever there was need of a moratorium, now is the time and Liberia the place for it. I am told that we have taken the delay in meeting interest seriously and that we think that something should be done to make Liberia pay. In letters I have recently received, I am told that we asked London whether she would object if we were strenuous in dealing with the Republic. Curious is it not that we ask England? It is reported that she replied: "Go ahead, but use no sentiment." The reply sounds plausible. The secret of national success as proved by England is to use no sentiment.

Here then, is Liberia's three-fold crisis. There is danger of the black man's republic being wiped off of the map under the pretense of infringement of neutrality. A nation starving for food begs for supplies, for which she offers rich repayment. A struggling Republic is unable to meet its debts, though amply able, when the war is ended, to resume its normal condition. In this crisis, they ask us for our help and sympathy. Shall we help? Or will we, as so often in the past, fail Liberia, our daughter nation, our one colony, in her hour of need?

A School-Teacher's Victory

On a transatlantic liner, during a recent voyage from Liverpool to New York, there was a dapper little fellow from London whose unlimited conceit made him anything but popular with his fellow passengers. He was so ready of wit that he usually had the best of it in repartee. Each time, of course, he became more conceited than before. It was a bright Brooklyn school teacher who finally wrought his downfall.

One day, in a sheltered spot on the deck, some of the passengers were passing the time in playing a game of quotations. As they sat in a semicircle, each in turn gave a quotation—the first quotation beginning with "A," the second with "B," and so on. The special point was to give a quotation suggested in some way by the preceding one or by the person who had given it. Chance brought the Brooklyn school teacher seventh in line, next to the young man from London. When the young man's turn came, he looked around with a superior smile and quoted:

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

There was an instant's hesitation; then the clear, level tones of the young teacher were heard:

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

The roar of laughter that followed broke up the game. For the rest of the voyage the dapper young man thought more and talked less.

Youth's Companion.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

VIII.
II. Corinthians

For God loveth a cheerful giver. ix:7.

Our lesson is Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians as we have it in our New Testament, written perhaps six or eight months later than the first letter, possibly from some point in Macedonia.

We will follow the findings of Professor Bacon of Yale, who probably has said about the last word as to the make-up of these Epistles. He has worked out the probable tracing of the letters which on both sides of the correspondence clearly have been lost.

Last week we left Paul in Ephesus. From there he went to Cesarea and on to Jerusalem, where he left the collection. He had started back on the third journey, again through northern Asia Minor, over the hills and far away; came to Troas again and was sorely disappointed not to find Titus there, who evidently had been sent to see how the Christians were getting along at Ephesus and Corinth.

Instead of meeting Titus with brave words he met gossipers, who told of quarreling among themselves and that there had arisen bitter opposition to Paul. Here we have the sad and too familiar story of a pastor finding his own flock rejecting him, quarreling and misinterpreting, harking on the weaknesses and not the strength of the man; his mistakes and not his virtues. While under this strain he wrote a third letter which Bacon very ingeniously suspects he has discovered in the last three chapters of the so-called second letter. In reading it you will see how pertinent is the suggestion. Beginning with the fourteenth verse of the sixth chapter to the first verse of the seventh chapter is a disconnected chapter, which he suspects is a fragment of the very first letter he ever wrote, implied in the first letter as we now have it. It is a section which seems to be entirely foreign to the context, thrown in and difficult to account for.

Here again we must remember the time element. At least two hundred and fifty years elapsed from the time these letters were written to the time when they were codified and canonized into a "scripture," into a "Holy Bible," into the "Word of God." Before that they had been gathered together for pastoral and tract uses. Doubtless poor Paul had been dead several years before the writing of the historical material now the Book of Acts, perhaps twenty years elapsed without printing, without newspapers before the historian of Acts handled them. These manuscripts and the rich literature of the Apocrypha is simply the flotsam and jetsam of three hundred years.

In this lost first letter Paul warns the Corinthians against heathen influence. He says: "We are a temple of the Living God. That is what God meant when he said, quoting from Leviticus:

"I will dwell among them, and walk among them;
And I will be their God, and they shall be my people."
Therefore "Come out from among the nations,
And separate yourselves from them," says the Lord,
"And touch nothing impure;
And I will welcome you;
And I will be a father to you,
And you shall be my sons and daughters,"
Says the Lord, the Ruler of all.

With these promises, dear friends, let us purify ourselves from everything that pollutes, either body or spirit, and, in deepest reverence for God, aim at perfect holiness."

This is evidently a misplaced or rescued fragment of a lost letter.

What Professor Bacon calls the Third Letter is found in the last three chapters in the second letter to the Corinthians in our Bible. Here we have a most pathetic revelation of a man tired and sick and lonely, misrepresented and misinterpreted. Titus had not come and Paul stooped to justify himself. He struck back, for which he was probably sorry afterward. In the tenth chapter he asserts his authority, which they had impugned, and speaks in self-defense, taking refuge behind the editorial "we," to which he had a right, because there was always a little band of them, Sosthenes, Titus and Timothy. Paul was sensitive about a salary. He had told "God's Good News" without payment, accepting from other churches that he might serve them, for, he said, "our Brothers, on coming from Macedonia, supplied my needs." We find that he was quite willing to accept help from the church at Philippi because they gave in the right spirit, but he would not take help from the luxurious, ease loving Corinthians, who perhaps were talking about cutting down expenses. Further on he gives a terrible catalogue of his suffering: toil, imprisonment, floggings—often at death's door. "Five times I received at the hands of the Jews forty lashes all but one." Under a humane provision in the Jewish regulations no man should receive more than forty lashes—for a minor offence, perhaps—and in order not to overstep this limit the administrator stopped at the thirty-ninth lash.

Three times I was beaten with rods. Once I was stoned. Three times I was shipwrecked. I have spent a whole day and night in the deep. My journeys have been many. I have been through dangers of rivers, dangers from robbers, dangers from my own people, dangers from the Gentiles, dangers in towns, dangers in the country, dangers on the sea, dangers from false Brothers. I have been through toil and hardship; I have passed many a sleepless night; I have endured hunger and thirst; I have often been without food; I have known cold and nakedness. And, not to speak of other things, there is my daily burden of anxiety about all the churches.

The mystic character of Paul will require another lesson. He was given to visions. Of course the materialistic philosopher would say that he had disordered nerves and was subject to epilepsy. After speaking of such experiences he writes:

Most gladly, then, will I boast all the more of my weaknesses, so that the strength of the Christ may overshadow me. That is why I delight in weakness, ill-treatment, hardships, persecution and difficulties, when borne for Christ. For, when I am weak, then it is that I am strong!

There is no manuscript extant of this that is earlier than the fifth century. The Sinaitic manuscript dates somewhere in the fifth century and by that time the priests and cardinals had had their conventions, had voted on what was the word of God and what was not, and it had become the "Canon," the rule of faith and practice. Remove it from the instruments of criticism and appreciation that goes with such letters and you take away from it its life and enjoyment. Imagine the letters of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine telescoped with snatches of the Declaration of Independence, representing in two thousand years the inspired foundation of the American Republic and you have something of a parallel.

These were quoted and cited by the earlier Fathers, Clement and Justin Martyn and others, and when the priests began to organize the church they felt the need of some supplement to the Old Testament, as there came a time when there were more Gentiles than Jews in the new movement. When Paul had been dead long enough, his writings were accepted as the revelation of the Almighty.

Now read the first nine chapters of II Corinthians, or, perhaps Paul's fourth Epistle, and see how sweet and gentle, how grateful and tender and sympathetic is Paul. Titus had come back with a rather hopeful report. He says: "Things are not so bad as they were." One of Paul's enemies had turned to him and was working for him might and main. Paul writes with thanksgiving and encouragement: "It is true that we have our full share of the sufferings of Christ, but also our full share of consolation." "This treasure we have in earthly vessels, that its all-prevailing power may be seen to come from God. . . . Though pressed on every side we are never hemmed in; though perplexed, never driven to despair; though pursued, never abandoned; though struck down, never killed."

We see how at this time Judaism was beginning to spread among the thoughtful people of Rome and Greece. The work done in Alexandria had been spreading. Philo was beginning to be felt, and the reason so many women were openly interested in the God thought of Judaism was that they were not subject to the rules and regulations applicable to men and were more free in fraternizing with the Jews.

The four letters contained in I and II Corinthians as we have them in our Bible, according to Professor Bacon, may be tabulated as follows:

First Letter—II Cor. vi:14-vii:1.
Second Letter—I Cor. entire.
Third Letter—II Cor. x-xiii.
Fourth Letter—II Cor. i-ix.

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(1) What is the subject Paul discusses in last three chapters?

(2) Give reasons for the confusion of writings of this period.

(3) Read chapter eleven for an account of Paul's sufferings.

(4) What is the tone of the greater part of this epistle?

THE DAY—THE WAY.

Not for one single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know—
Who gives the day
Will show the way
So I securely go.

—*John Oxenham.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MAN vs. THE MONEY

A two million dollar order for war shells turned down—this was the newspaper story. A Mr. Clarence H. Howard, president of the Commonwealth Steel Company of Granite City, Ill., so it was said, had refused such an order because he happened to have certain convictions concerning war. It was worth verifying. We wrote to Granite City and Mr. Howard's secretary sends us an interview between Mr. Howard and a reporter which we are authorized to regard as substantially correct. The order came indirectly. No pressure was brought to bear urging the manufacture of shells, but Mr. Howard makes the statement:

"All my life I have been working for the better protection of life. It would not be consistent to manufacture devices for the destruction of life. I do not believe in warfare, and I, for one, will not further warfare. I don't care what others are doing and I have not criticized others. They can do as they like, but I don't want any gain that comes from bullets."

"I'll put it another way," said Mr. Howard. "If every person in the world were to apply the Golden Rule, the war would stop in a minute. You are not living up to the Golden Rule when you kill people. This war is insane—a disgrace to humanity. We should live to do good in this world, and it is not doing good to shoot and kill."

All this strange lack of conformity to ordinary business methods, this unwillingness to share in any gain that comes from the violation of a deep conviction, finds its explanation, an explanation so simple that a child can understand it, in the fact that Mr. Howard's plant is known in the West as "The Golden Rule Plant." Known as such, and the honest effort is really made to have it true to its reputation. Of course a man believing in the Golden Rule couldn't make shells to blow his fellows to pieces in any such war as this. Among steel manufacturers one cannot help wondering why Mr. Howard's seems so singular a case. Has the clever idea never struck him that he might make millions out of armor plate, shells and other similar devices and then use the millions to advance the cause of peace?

—Our Dumb Animals.

PREPAREDNESS FOR PEACE

Every man, citizen, officer, politician, journalist, forger of armor plate, who discusses international episodes in terms of war, is a menace to his country's welfare.

It is not the great navy as a navy which is likely to menace peace. It is a great navy conjured up by those who have something to gain by its operations. Let the navy be as strong as its naval experts can convince a commission of statesmen that it ought to be. We are not afraid of an efficient army which keeps its place. Only treat us fairly and speak to us in our interest as a people and in ours alone.

Why not establish a permanent non-partisan, non-military Council of Peace? We spend now some $290,000,000 a year on "preparedness for war," of course without getting it, though coming once or twice dangerously near it.

Let us in addition spend one per cent of this amount, on preparedness for peace. It is an experiment worth trying.

—David Starr Jordan.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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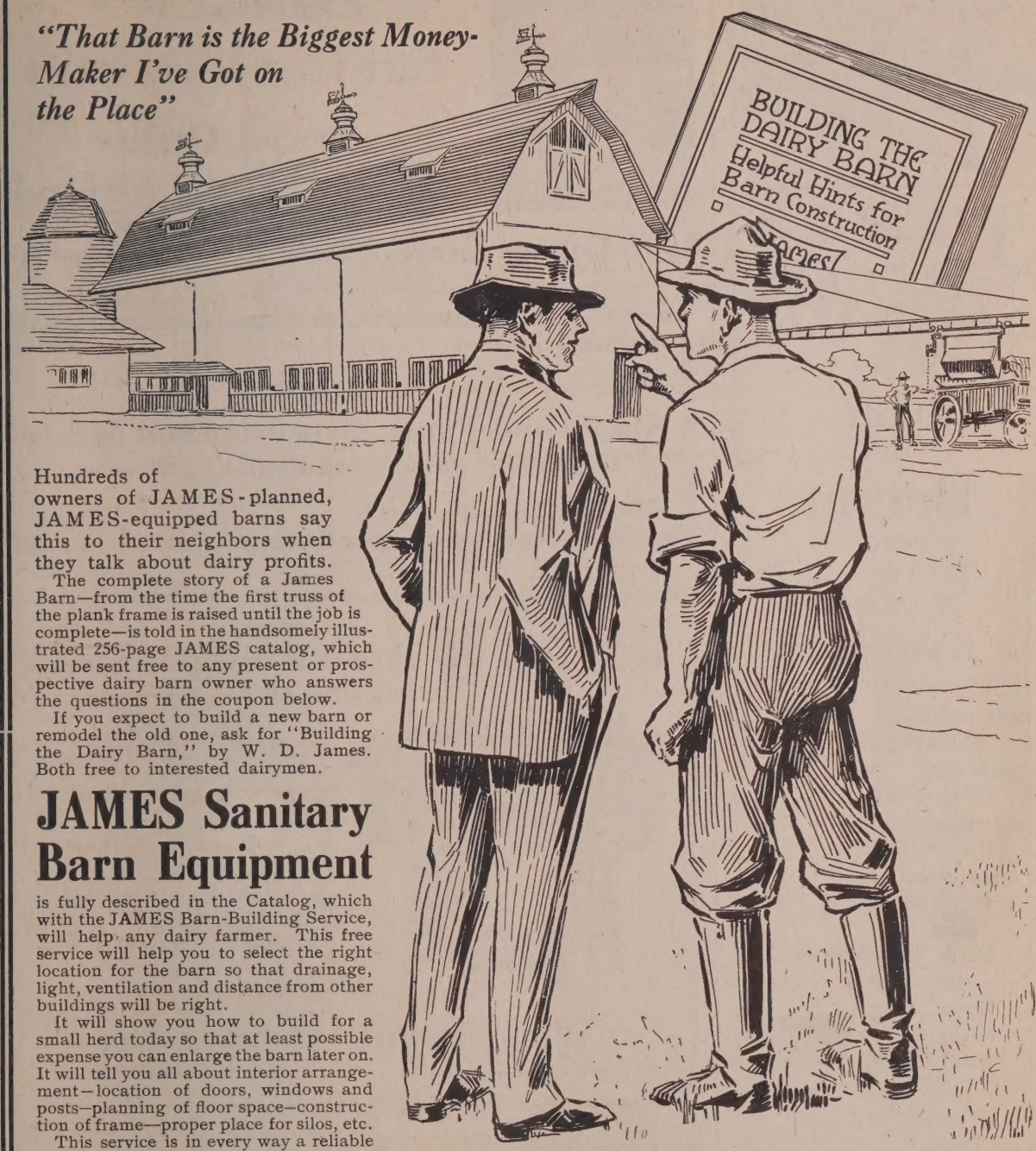

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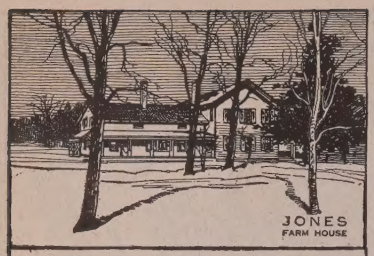

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